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(From the Chicago Tribune.)

This is a new article, indispensable to the merchant, accountant, lawyer, or banker, and in fact to all who use either the pen or pencil. It was invented and patented by Mr. A. G. SHAVER, of New Haven, Conn., and the numerous testimonials from the Press, as well as the flattering opinions of its merits as a burnisher, paper cutter and folder, pencil sharpener and eraser, by Principal of Colleges, school teachers, merchants, bankers and stationers, leave no room to doubt that it is the most convenient article to be met with for the purposes to which it is appropriated We subjoin a description of it, which will serve to show the uses to which it can be applied. The blade is curved upwards, with sharp oval edge for erasing blots, marks, &c., from paper. Convexed on the lower side, to give a fine polish and finish to the erased parts. For polishing the surface after erasing the mark, it is unequalled by anytning heretofore in use. The curve between the blade and the shank has a keen edge for cutting away the wood of the pencil, and the small serrated groove in the blade gives a neatly finished point to the lead, wittout soiling the hands or paper in the least. The eraser need only be seen and used to prove its real worth. The blade is made from the best steel, highly polished, and set in a handsome handle, with German silver ferril. It is a convenient companion to the lady's writing desk and student's portfolio, and will be found invaluable in the counting room and artist's studio. Clergymen, lawyers, book-keepers, and all persons engaged in writing, will find it an indispensable article. We have used it, and would not be without it for three times its cost. It is equally convenient as a folder, or for cutting open the leaves of books. Some three or four different sizes and styles are manufactured, some of them with ornamental handles of ivory and mother-of-pearl, suitable to gratify the appreciative eye of the ladies. It is a very attractive piece of cutlery, and will soon find its way into the hands of every business man and lady in the country. We venture to say that the patentee, Mr. A. G. SHAVER, will realize a fortune from the sale of the patent eraser.

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THE DREAM OF BLISS.

Hair Dresser.—WISH ANY STUFF PUT ON TO YOUR HAIR, SIR?
Somnolent Old Party.—CERT'NLY—GIN-COCKTAIL.

Strange Coincidence.

From our Hayti exchanges we have an interesting account of a curious relic discovered somewhere up in the Acul Mountains—being nothing more nor less than a marble bust of the great English Admiral NELSON. This memorial was found upon a Fetish altar, where it is ascertained to have done duty for about half a century as an idol for the unreclaimed darkies of the Haytian hill-country.

Well, there's nothing so singular in that; we all have our little Fetishes. The "niggers" of the Acul went one with the bust of an English Admiral. The other kind of people, here, went one with the full length of an English Prince.

We all have our little Fetishes.

Grantly Berkley Dished.

The sportive old fossil whose name appears above, in connection with the participle "dished," has been delighting several sportive old fossils about the London Clubs and elsewhere, with his experiences of American life and manners. The institution called in the polite language of France, the *crachoir*, figures largely in the experiences of G. B. who calls it, with exquisite refinement, a "spitting dish." This dish haunts the sportive old fossil by day; it assumes legs, and runs after him in the still watches of the night. Aroint thee, dish! We know you, dish. We have read of you in cheerful, honest old nursery rhymes. You are the "Dish that ran after the Spoon."

Query.

When the *Tribune* tells us that SAMUEL H. WALLEY, of Massachusetts, possesses "a knack of lugubriosity," does he mean to insinuate that the ex-Congressman in question is a "Walley of Tears?"

BUCHANAN WRITES FOR IT.

The influence which Mr. ROBERT BONNER possesses with eminent men is something miraculous. Two years ago he obtained Mr. EVERETT's consent to stick him up in the form of posters—thinking no doubt that a statesman who had been so long on the fence would look equally well on a wall. We are convinced that if he chose he might secure Mr. JOSHUA T. HENRY at a moment's notice. We recommend the suggestion to Mr. R. BONNER'S consideration. After all the sea-tales which have been told marines in his excellent journal, the very driest kind of dry goods would be an excellent entry for his Ledger as serving to "a kinder sop up things." Alderman BOOLE, too, as a possible contributor, has been strangely neglected by R. B. We propose that he be immediately invited to write a Pastoral—and offer generously to present him with the subject—"The playful *Gamb(ol)-lings* of Yellow *Kids* in the Public *Pounds*.

But for the present these gifted young minds must bide their time. The column which they might set up has been supplied by one of the pillars of State. We say pillar, "we mean sepulchre—whited sepulchre. We are not referring to the Georgia Toombs, however, but to one for the nonce occupying a distinguished position among the grave inhabitants of Washington.

J. B. writes for it! That is to say, will write for it—when, according to the doctrine of Election, he shall be called without regard to any worth or worthiness of his own, to March 4th. Just now he is too busy. The stirring events of this Fall—and a certain other fall (which by a singular paradox will occur next Spring), concern him much. Having tired the country for four years he then intends to re-tire to the country. His age will require rest, he thinks. We think ourselves that is what his Age wanted sometime ago. Though not the rest of *him*—if any be left. And then he will be most happy to comply with R. B.'s most flattering &c., &c., &c.

The first thing he promises to do for the *Ledger* is to go down into Oblivion and bring up Mr. WILLIAM LOWNDES. We were aware that he was going there, but until now we didn't know what for. Is J. B. sure he will come back? Mr. WILLIAM LOWNDES is no Wide-Awake—if he were, J. B. would be the last man to go down after him. There is, therefore, hard shaking to be done before Mr. W. LOWNDES can be persuaded to get up. His nose will call for much tickling. J. B. proposes to do it with a goose-feather—only not the end ordinarily used for that purpose. Perhaps J. B. had better reconsider the matter. Why not—instead of *going* down to Mr. LOWNDES, *send down* for the purpose? Besides, supposing Mr. LOWNDES waked up, does anybody imagine that J. B. will be able to return from Oblivion with that heavy South Carolinian on his shoulders? He found Mr. COVODE, let him remember, a very heavy load to carry on a level. Let him recollect that in his own estimation Mr. LOWNDES is a much larger man than COVODE.

We beseech J. B. to weigh this grave subject well. If *eruption* from beneath the surface be considered *rash*—what must we call *irruption* through it? A *rasher* of course—and the desire to save J. B.'s bacon moves us to entreat that he desist.

If by any chance he should never return from Oblivion—we shall always be sorry that he did not take our counsel. (Both this specific one of ours and our Common Council, we mean.) There are many reasons why he should not volunteer a descent into Oblivion. He is well known to be fond of splicing his main-brace—but the chief line he will then have to attend to, (besides the line he hopes to send up occasionally to Mr. BONNER), will be his *stay*. Then again, if he does remain, Mr. EVERETT will have to withdraw from the *Ledger*. He will have no time to write for it. He will feel compelled to lecture for subscriptions to buy the tomb of another President. He will be called on to make Lethe as hallowed a stream as the Potomac—to raise a fund to keep Oblivion in repair. Be persuaded, Mr. BUCHANAN! Don't go down if you can help it. Stay where you are—and raise all the dolorous notes you like. But don't let all the necessities of R. B.'s *Ledger* prevail on you to try lifting that South Carolina Bill!

The Crusaders

Our Washington Correspondent informs us that the end of the cruise of our Naval Force in the Gulf is Vera Cruz, and that J. B's intention that they should side with the truly cross Mexicans against the angry Spaniards proves they will be Very Cruz-aiders.

THE PRINCE IN NEW YORK.

ONCERNING the Prince's visit to New York—the readers of VANITY FAIR need not be told, that it is uppermost in the minds of all. It is a subject of thought among the high and low, and the universal theme of conversation; even the newspapers, which so seldom agree on anything, agree on this topic, and strive to outdo each other in chronicling the movements of H. R. H. V. F. has followed them from day to day—not with pleasure, he promptly owns, for pleasure was out of the question—but from a sense of duty to the public, particularly the readers of V. F. He has read all that has been written about the Prince, (melancholy task!) and is surprised to see how much has escaped the gentlemen of the press, and how devoid of novelty their reports have been. To remedy this defect, and at the same time add to the gratification of his readers, V. F. has set his emissaries to work in all directions. They have not been content, it will be seen, with the superficial aspect of the event, but have gone below the surface, and looked upon it through the spectacles of others. One of these energetic gentlemen, (who by the by was formerly an *attaché* of the *Herald*,) has procured several important letters, three of which we print, *verbatim et literatim*. If the writers feel aggrieved at seeing their epistles in print, they may obtain satisfaction by calling at the office of VANITY FAIR.

(Office hours of our Fighting Editor, from 9, A. M. to 5. P. M.)

LETTER I.

(From a young lady in the city, to her friend in the country.)

914 LEXINGTON PLACE.

NEW-YORK, OCT. 14th 1860.

MY DEAR CONSTANCE.—The brilliant event which has been so long on the *tapis* has culminated at last. The BALL has come off! Pa succeeded in obtaining *billets d' admission*, through the instrumentality of your cousin, CHARLES, whose *kindness* on this occasion we shall never, *never* forget. You should have seen the faces of the Misses MILLER when I showed them the *precious* documents. They were ready to burst with rage, for they had counted upon going themselves. (*But they did not.*)

Pa was *very good*, for he gave me *carte blanche* at STEWART'S and TIFFANY'S. MALHERBE and myself drove to STEWART'S, and picked out what became my style, and TIFFANY selected a diamond necklace for me—*the costliest in his establishment*. It was made for Madame OVIEDO (you remember Miss BARTLEIT) *but not paid for*; for they do say that these Cuban *millionaires*—but that's not *our* business, my dear. I looked *splendid* when I was dressed. So at least I was *told* by two *good judges*—Pa, and your cousin CHARLES. (My *mirror* whispered the same flattering tale.)

You never *saw* such a crowd of coaches as *lined* 14th street that night. It reminded me of BYRON'S *touching* line—what is it? something about "the busy haunts, the throng of men." We had our driver and footman in liveries, and *such* a pair of grays! It was lovely to see them prance, and champ their foamy bits. The police had to keep them from trampling on the people about the Academy. The interior of the House was *magnificent*—a Bower of Beauty, a perfect *Paradise* of Enchantment. Fancy the myriads of jets of light which *starred* the resplendent circle of the upper rows of boxes—the massive columns draped with English and American flags, (Union Jacks, I think your cousin called them,) the whole first tier a garden of costly exotics of the richest hues—the superb toilets of the assembled beauties, the *élite* of the nation—in short the *coup d' œil* was perfectly dazzling. But the Prince.

You remember, CONSTANCE, when we went to school to Madame CHEGARY'S, how we read novels after school hours—thrilling romances of the old *règime*, and wished that we had lived then, that we might have *seen* the kings and princes who figured in the gorgeous pageants of the *Past*? We used to wonder, dear, how a real *live* Prince looked! We pictured him in our *glowing* fancies as a stately personage clad in a mantle of three-piled velvet—a Toledo blade by his side, the handle *crusted* with gems, and upon his royal brow a plumed cap. *Such* was our girlish Ideal of a Prince! How unlike the REALITY! I mean the Prince of Wales, who wears neither *plumed cap*, *Toledo blade*, nor *velvet mantle*, but dresses in black like any other gentleman. (How unromantic, you exclaim. *Not at all.*) He is eighteen years old; as tall as FANNY, with blue eyes, dark complexion, and *the sweetest smile in the world!* He entered the *salon de danse* a little before midnight, leaning on the arm of PETER COOPER, who, the papers said, never looked so venerable! (*Old Glue Pot* your cousin called him. He is *too* severe.) A breathless silence pervaded the assembled multitude; the presence of ROYALTY was felt in *all* hearts. The band struck up "*God Save the Queen*," and the Prince's eyes *suffused* with tears. *He was thinking of his mother!* Presently the music changed, and with it his countenance. He raised his *drooping* lids—a lambent light played in his merry azure eyes—and the *spirit of mirth* perched on his pouting lip. The quadrille began. He is an *elegant* dancer, and so wrapped up in the purs[illegible] that he calls off the figures himself. Think of a *Prince* saying "FORWARD TWO," or "TAKE HANDS ALL ROUND!" It will be all the *rage* among gentlemen next winter.

"But did *you* dance with His Highness?" methinks my dear Constance inquires. *I did!* I was his eighteenth partner. I don't know *who* introduced him to me, I was so flurried, but I *think* it was Lord Newcastle. We went through a quadrille together, and in the pauses of the dancing HIS HIGHNESS conversed with me. He asked me if I was *fond* of dancing. "*Passionately*!" I exclaimed. He smiled graciously, and remarked that it was a fine night; I *assented*. Once, in the mazes of the giddy dance, *his hand touched mine!* A thrill of *fire* ran along my pulses—a pang of ecstacy *quivered* around my heart. I shuddered with delight. The blood of the GUELPHS seemed for a moment to mingle with *mine!* ——Be calm my *susceptible* heart, nor surge thus passionately in the *wild* tempest of thy thoughts! *The Prince is not for thee. Thy* destiny lies far from *courts* and *palaces*, in the still valley of SECLUSION. OBSCURITY is thy *portion*.

I must close now for Pa has come home from Church. He don't like to have me write *billet doux* on the Sabbath. He has been to Trinity to *worship* with the PRINCE. Would *I* had gone too. *Au revoir ma chére. Pensez a moi.*

— Your sister-heart,
CLEMENTINA MAC FADEN.

LETTER II.

[From a New York Fireman to his friend in Albany]

NEW YORK, October 15th, 1860.

DEER JAKEY.—As you aint hurd from me for a putty long time I thort Ide just drop you a letter. Ive lots to tell you about the boys, the fires weve bin too sence you went away, and so fourth, but I kant do it now, for Ime runnin over with the Grand Torchlight Percesshun that the New York Firemen gin the Prince of Wales. I wish youde bin heer to see the ole masheen. We had her painted over; rubbed out the figger of Tekumsey, and put in Kolumbus and the godes of Libberty; got the platin pollished new; had a reath of flours on the guse neck, and tyed ribons round the breaks, jest like we was goin on a target 'scursion, the boys all had torches like Wide awakes, and plenty of roman Candils. 5 Thousend Firemen was out with their masheens, hoescarts, hooks in ladders, etecetera. We turned out early in the arternoon and dident git home till leven o'clock. We warnt tired nor nothin! The fact is, Jakey, the hull thing was a Flummix. Not that we dident make a prime show—Ide smack the cheek of any feller says we dident, but some old pudden head or other dident know his bizzeness, and kept us and the Prince a-waitin till 9 o'clock. Howsumever it was a Big Thing when we got to the hottel where his Highnes was on the piazzer. We histed our Torches when we got there, set off the roman Candils, and gin him 3 cheers and a Tiger, jest as we uster at Mary Taylors Benefits. The Prince took off his hat and bowed putty. Hees a nice boy, I tell *you*, and if heed ony stay a day or too weed git him up a Fire. *Sure.* I wished when I seed him Saturday night that heed come round to the Injin house and see the boys. It would be better than goin to them foofoo places, the colledge and the Aster Libry. But, Jakey, us poor Firemen aint nobody. Were rif rafs and rowdees, we are, till a fire comes, then were fust rate fellers! Gas. The Prince told Fernandy nex day that it knocked spots out of London. I looked round when we got passed his Highnes, and sures you live there was 3 or 4 miles of torches. It was just as putty as the rode to heven! We had a fight with 42 on the way back and the way we lammed em warent slow. Hen Smith said they hadent any fourtytude at all. Dident the old woman give it to me! I dident know why till nex mornen when I woke up with a Black Eye. Ide like to write you more, but the Hall has just struck Third Deestrict. Ime off.

Youre ole friend,
HIRAM RODGERS.

A "LOVE OF AN EXOTIC!"

THE ICH DIEN FEATHER-FERN.

Settled by Avowal.

Several of our cotemporaries are needlessly agitating themselves about the consumption of coffee being greater than its production—all speculation! VANITY FAIR recommends them however to keep up the excitement, for the more we talk about Coffee the less we'll talk about Cuffee, and the more we O for coffee the less will U take Cuffee for a subject of conversation.

A Voice from Remote Antiquity.

That peripatetic being enshrined in the hearts of all ladies of a certain age, (we refer to the census-taker,) has come upon a man out West who is, without doubt, the oldest person extant in this counry. As a proof of his extreme age it is stated that he remembers a time when the New York *Herald* was considered a veracious sheet!

From our Bad Man.

Q. What is the association between a pocket-hand-kerchief and the inhabitants of Nova Scotia?

A. Blew Noses—of course.

Cleaned out.

Uncle SAM when he shall have been drained by the Administration and SEWARD, by the Republicans.

Political.

The dry docks on the east side of the city are to be abolished by the grand Union party because they are Sectional.

(FROM OUR OWN REPORTER, FORMERLY THE FASHION EDITOR OF THE HERALD.)

The ceremonies of the evening were opened by the Prince dancing a quadrille with Mrs. G———r M———n. Mrs. M———n's dress was of rose-colored tulle, with a burnous of maroon cachemire, decollettée. Head-dress of Chambery gauze, trimmed with black guipure, and coiffeur of violets giroflee. She was the observed of all observers.

The second partner of his Royal Highness was Miss F——h, daughter of Ex G———r F——h. She wore a robe of scarlet tarlatane, with plaits at the waist, and broad bands of poplin, a la Pompadour; a foule with narrow flounces, trimmed with bouillons of white taffeta, barred with black velvet. Head-dress en pointe, ruches decoupees, comme il faut. She attracted universal attention.

The third lady whom his Serene Grace honored by his hand in the giddy mazes of Terpsichore was Mrs. B———t. The dress of this fair dame was of striking simplicity. She was clad in a robe of white reps silk, trimmed with point d'angleterre; an azure berthe, en tablier, fastened by an agraffe, demi-ajustes; rose de chene ruches of tulle illusion, with a touffe of pink ribbon, and a coiffeur of diamonds, in negligé. She was much admired.

Miss F———d, the happy fourth partner of his Gracious Highness, wore a redincote of white tulle, passementerie; pantalettes of crepe, en pointe, pompons of bouffants, and head-dress a la Grec. She was much noticed.

LETTER III.

From a Distinguished New York Thief to his Mort in Philadelphia.

How are you Old Gal? You cleared the coop in the nick of time. The THINGSTABLES overhauled the ken the night you left, and nabbed Black BESS, and JERRY the Sneak. We shoved the queer though, and had a lushy time with the balsam. What luck among the Thees and Thous? We had a rum time when the Prince came. SAM and me struck a lode at STEWART'S, and bit lots of wipers from the gaping morts. I fished a hair-case from an apple dumpling shop, and SAM nipped an old cull's bung. Then the stars spotted us, and we sloped by the back door. DARBY and SLASHER got up a crib fight by the Astor, and we grappled a cove's bit, and two tickers. Lent the tickers to my uncle for three saw bucks.

We cracked a ken last night, and planted the queer with a new fence, who stumped the handsome. The Mayor's pups were on the lay for us, and we had a tight mill with 'em. I tipped BLOWING BILL a stoter on his haltering place, which split his skull pan. Then we binged avast in the darkmans.

Did you see ALBERT EDWARD in Penn Town? He's a spoony little cove, not a bit fly. He may make a good prince, but he would'nt be worth his porridge in *our* line. Our kiddy is a rum cove to *him;* but it is'nt his fault, I suppose. What can you expect of a kinchin brought up as *he* has been? I owe his dam for a passage to Sydney and some day I'll settle, *sharp*. My motto's "A short life and a merry one!" Old Grim will grab us all by and by, and slip us into the Eternity Box. Then English BILL, the Thief, will be as good as ALBERT EDWARD, Prince of Wales. I shall pad the hoof to Boston in his train. They say the Yankees are downy coves for knowing ones like us. More from there.

Your true-hearted Pal,

BILL BACON.

About So.

We observe a new paper extensively advertised of late called *The Wide World*. We presume this just born journal is thus named to distinguish it at once from the exceedingly narrow *World* already in existence.

To Advertisers.

We see no end of advertisements from "a Business man with a small Capital," but prefer waiting for a small man with a Capital Business before we undertake to "go in."

Barnum's Last Reward.

For the man who admits that he was'nt offered a ticket to the RENFREW BALL.

JERSEY ON BARNUM.

Editor Vanity Fair.

IR.—I have been to BARNUM'S. BARNUM'S a humbug. Had a suspicion of it when I went in. Thought of it while I was there; felt sure of it when I came out. Looked around for the "What Is It?" in the first place; couldn't find time there or in any other place. I'm from Jersey and never saw a "What Is It?" Does it look like the Camden and Amboy, VANITY FAIR? BARNUM sticks out a big piece of canvass in front of his shop, and asks me "if it is a man or monkey or both?" How can I tell if he won't let me see it?" That canvass is "made out of the whole cloth." But I kept looking for the "man or monkey or both." Finally a man saw me staring around, and comes up and says, "What Is It?" "No," says I "Where Is It?" Says he, "What do you want?" Says I, "Where's the man or monkey or both?" "O," says he, "you go down Fulton-street a little way, about a block, and you'll find it." I went down there after I came out, and didn't see anything but the *Herald* office. Guess that man tried to take me in. Do you know what he meant, VANITY FAIR? Saw the woman with the long hair. Don't know whether it was the Long Lost Heir or not. (*Mem.*) Must ask BONNER, or COBB, or EVERETT.) She said she and her hair had a "falling out," and she put on some of PHELAN'S in-wig-erator (isn't it PHELAN? I know he has something to do with *cues*) and it made her hair come out, that is, longer. But I didn't stay long to see her. This Capillary Attraction wasn't strong enough.

BARNUM said he had a great, roaring Black Sea Lion.

Now, VANITY FAIR, you know everything, do you really think this Lion is a Sea Lion? Do you believe he ever sailed upon the main or the tail either? If he came from the sea, his roar would be a bark, wouldn't it? How does BARNUM know that it's a Black Sea Lion? There ain't any lions in the Black Sea. BARNUM says he keeps the biggest Seal in the world. Now I know, if I am from "Jersey," that the keeper of the Great Seal lives in London, and I know BARNUM ain't the man. I don't believe what he's got is a Seal at all. It didn't make any impression on me. I heard a man standing near say, this Seal was but a waif on the great ocean. Now if he was a real Seal he'd be more than that, he'd be a wafer wouldn't he V. F.? I think this Seal can be easily waxed, and if the owner of the American Museum don't think so too, he's more of a Bar-num-skull than I supposed he was. There are those wax figures. Every one of them came from "Jersey." I know they did; they've all got the fever and ague. They are all very *cereous*-looking figures. Those wax-figures will wane some of these hot-days. I saw the Lightning Calculator. That was pretty good, there last week in your paper when you called him the Lightening Adder; I suppose you thought he was some connection to the Electrical Eel. To hear him talk about the books he's read, you would suppose he was a well-red adder. Then there's those white negroes from *Albany* or some such place. Who pinked their eyes for them? Did HEENAN? BARNUM says they are Moors. Ah that BARNUM'S a cute chap. He can come it, "over the mountains and over the moors" too. He don't pay them in silver, or gold or bank-notes. He pays them with amalgam. He says that's just the thing for white negroes. But I haven't time to tell you all I saw. I must mention the "What mought they be?" "How come you so?" both of which are very *questionable* animals. Then there's the Angel Fish which has nothing to do with the Devil Fish. NOAH preserved the Angel Fish during the deluge, and its true name is Arch Angel Fish. BARNUM is humbugging if he calls it anything else.

Yours, JERSEYMAN.

Proved To a T.

It is singular, observes the *Express*, how many public singers claim titles of nobility. It is singular, adds VANITY FAIR, how many singers prove of No ability.

OUR COLLEGE DEPARTMENT.

LORD RENFREW AMONG THE COLLEGIANS.

MOST EXCELLENT VANITY:—The New York Universitantes and the Free Academicians are bubbling up, effervescing, and boiling over with the most tremenjous and ungovernable excitement. Excitement bordering on frenzy. The late visit of the royal Oxonian has done for them. They swear by the Baron. Nothing will do, but they must swing out in Oxford caps and gowns, and pepper-and-salt their conversation with talk of the "Quadrangle," "Little Goes," "Lions," "coaching," and "getting plucked."

On the morning of Friday, Oct. 12th (never-to-be-sufficiently-memorable day in the annals of American colleges,) the Baron, accompanied by his tutor, General BRUCE, the Duke of Newcastle, and Mayor WOOD, progressed down Fifth Avenue to the University building. He was received by the Chancellor with open doors and conducted first to the classical lecture-room. Elegantly bound copies of "De Senectute," and the "Odyssey" were placed before him, and he was informed that the students had been put through a course of high-pressure cramming in those works, and would be happy to answer any questions upon them he might be pleased to propound. The Baron took up the treatise on Old Age, and calling the attention of the class to the opening words "O Tite," begged to know whether that expression referred to the bibulous proclivities of TITUS, or to his parsimonious habits. This was a sticker. After pausing in vain for a reply, he said, "Perhaps we'll have better success in Greek. Be so good as to explain the decided leaning evinced by the Greeks toward the use of the Grave accent in their Monumental Inscriptions." A Sabbath stillness still reigning through the class, the Baron turned to his Tutor and rather dryly remarked, "Its very evident why these languages are called dead." "And how so?" inquired the General. "Because they've 'deaded' every mother's son of them." He then opened the Odyssey at the 9th Book, and negligently turned over the leaves till he lighted on the line commencing *Kuklam, te, pie.* "Ah!" said he, "What kind of pie is here referred to?" Before an answer could be returned, the Mayor, whose face, at the mention of the *Kuklam*, had betrayed symptoms of uncontrollable agitation, started up and reminded the Baron that they ought to be moving.

The party then proceeded to the chemical lecture-room. To the first question which the Baron put to this class—"Can you mention the formula for Nitrous Oxide?" The only answer he could extort was "NO sir." A shade of dissatisfaction crossed his face, but he continued, "Perhaps then, you can tell what celebrated Englishman originated the phrase 'The Wee Drap.'" A member of the class suggested "JACK KETCH." "You're out there!" retorted the Baron a little cavalierly, "'Twas Prince RUPERT!" One of the embryo chemists here arose, and having obtained permission to ask a question of their illustrious guest, inquired, "Why is the heated atmosphere which is sometimes seen rising from a stove like your honored self?" "Because its air apparent," promptly responded the Baron.

The Baron, after having expressed himself as highly gratified with the proficiency of the students, re-entered his carriage, which was next headed for the Free Academy. He was here welcomed by President WEBSTER who presented to him the members of the Faculty in order.

At the conclusion of the ceremony, the Baron drew the president aside and inquired, "Did you say that he (indicating by a nod the vice president) was OWEN?" "I did, indeed," replied Dr. WEBSTER. "Then I should think he would pay up," said the Baron, guilelessly. He was then understood to address a remark of condolence to Dr. WEBSTER on the *coup de grace* which his dictionary had lately received at the hands of VANITY FAIR. The mere mention of the name of the periodical elicited the most violent demonstrations of applause from the boot-heels of the assembled students. The president strove to allay the tumult. "I wouldn't try to stop them," interposed the Baron. "You know the Stamp Act was always obnoxious to Americans."

The Baron graciously acceded to a request that he would plant a pear-tree on the lawn in front of the Academy, in commemoration of his visit. During the ceremony the attention of the spectators was much distracted by the conduct of a wren which fluttered about, uttering plaintive cries. As soon as the tree was in its place, and the initial shovel-ful of dirt had been deposited on its roots, the little creature alighted upon the topmost bough and warbled a joyous melody. "I accept the augury!" exclaimed the Baron, overjoyed at the coincidence. "Long flourish the Wren Fruit tree!"

The first Dance at the Prince's Ball.

A Break Down.

CHAPEAU BAS!

When in Philadelphia our friend RENFREW visited Girard College—went on top of it—saw country—scenery—breeze—all sorts things. Further particklers as follows from the Unmitigable *North American and U. S. Grisette:*

"The stairway leading to the roof is very narrow, and upon the staircase was a mixed company, comprising the Prince's entire retinue, the Mayor, the committee to entertain the Prince, and various citizens of note. According to etiquette the Prince walked in front of the rest, the Duke of Newcastle and the Earl of St. Germains behind him. As ALBERT EDWARD projected his head above the "scuttle," an irreverent breeze whisked off the Prince's hat. The tile rolled jollily over the roof, and, like a courser over a stone fence at a grand steeple chase, leaped the balustrade and descended to the ground below. The Prince laughed at the accident, and held his sides with merriment as he watched the course taken by the missing tile. At this juncture Mr. M. J. MITCHESON, the very courteous secretary of the "entertaining committee" of one hundred, came to the relief of the Prince, in a most graceful manner, by tendering his own hat until the missing one should be recovered. The Prince gracefully accepted the courtesy, and placed the tile upon his occiput, where it rested on the back of his coat collar and his organ of locality, the latter being just above the right eyebrow. The Prince wore the secretary's beaver until the London article was recovered, and then with a graceful recognition of the courtesy, an exchange was made. Mr. MITCHESON'S hat will prove a memento worthy of a glass case, and an inscription recording its history. A Philadelphia hat that once did duty as a satin beaver "extinguisher" to the head of royalty, will be a relic as is a relic."

Yes indeed. But seriously now, Col. MACMICHAEL, you *don't* mean to say that our friend RENFREW looked like THIS, do you?

NOTHING LIKE EXPERIENCE.

It is pretty well known, both in and out of VANITY FAIR, that dwarfs—as SCOTT remarks—talk most about little people, people of unsound mind are detected by constantly suspecting others of lunacy. Thackeray writes about snobs—Bennett about political prostitutes, you know—demireps are fond of scandal, and darkies term each other niggers; the whole having been summed up by some jolly Vanitarian of the olden time in the celebrated law case of POTT vs. KETTLE.

But a stronger case than any of these is presented by JAMES W. GERARD'S pitching into OLD ABE, because ABRAHAM isn't handsome! That'll do. Anything but *that* MRS. FLETCHER! We shall have the What Can They Be's out next—lecturing on æsthetics and loveliness. Why, bless your soul alive, JAMES GERARD never opened his mouth yet without awaking a desire in the beholders to pitch in ginger nuts. The very sight of him suggests a hand-organ and coppers. Why if old age wasn't venerable, even in politicians, we'd say something disrespectful. We really would.

And he thinks OLD ABE ugly enough to split rails! There's fellow feeling for you!

Good for a Lift.

A Load-Stone.

OUR GREAT CONTRIBUTOR.

The following correspondence speaks for itself. The base attempt of the *New York Ledger* in announcing one of our most distinguished contributors as specially engaged for that paper, while it lacerates our feelings, only excites our utmost contempt. The wretched boy who proved traitor to his trust and basely furnished copies of the annexed, which have been imitated so ludicrously, we have promptly dismissed; we have endeavored to temper justice with mercy; will Mr. BONNER do the like? Ha! Will he?

V. F.'s OFFICE, Sept. 13th, 1860.

DEAR SIR:—We are about commencing in VANITY FAIR a series of sketches of eminent departed. We wish to begin with Mr. JAMES CROW, the distinguished Cosmopolitan. We have been informed that you knew him well, and derived much benefit from his Terpsichorean teachings, having made a practical use of them for some years past. Would you oblige us by a sketch of the man as you knew him, with any comments that may prove useful to the rising political generation who are so dreadfully put to it at this present time?

Very respectfully yours,
VANITY FAIR.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 18th, 1860.

MY DEAR VANITY:—I have your favor of 13th inst., and shall most indubitably do as you wish, and send my recollections of the late Mr. CROW very soon. He was in his way a remarkable man for "turning about and wheeling about, and doing just so," and I candidly confess my acknowledgments to him for the political application which I have made of his teachings.

Between ourselves, I am a little busy just now, and don't know which way to turn, but, as you are aware, will have any quantity of leisure after the 4th of March next, when I shall certainly furnish the sketch. Don't you think you can let up a little on J. B.? Do, that is a good fellow. I enclose a joke; "a poor thing but mine own." (Not admissable; ought to be ashamed of himself. EDS. V. F.)

Yours fraternally,
VANITY FAIR. J. B.

"Out Again!"

BOSTON, Oct. 15th.

"VANITY FAIR."—Do get it right, you were wrong last week, you know.

"Time's arid rivulet, through its glassy gorge, lapsed ceaseless."

Is the true reading from F. J. Bailey's,—Festus Bailey's you know—"Mystic." (Ticknor & F. Boston '56) James Field's you know—or any other man.

I wrote a short notice of it at the time, you know, whence my remarkable knowledge.

But DO you know what it means. In the name of the Prophet! Figs!

It *is* an hour glass.

The "ceaseless" of course is when you have a little nigger to keep turning it. Or any other man.

It is, you know, therefore, good as a conundrum. Read aloud—I mean intoned—it will pass for a decent text. I *have* run it three or four times for a pretty good Tupper and anted it once off on my aunt for a bit of Spurgeon. Or any other man.

Yours in the faith,
A VANITARIAN.

Our Dutch Friend's Opinion.

Old Crosbones was angry, and asked with a frown,
"Are tailors not men, then, in fine?"
Our Dutch friend withdrew his long pipe from his lips,
And slowly gave utt'rance to—"Nein."

Woman of Same-aria.

Young lady who had but one song.

"Half the Women have false Hair."

Well—should'nt fairies wear peri-wigs.

THE SOPHOMORE'S FIRST "TILE."

THE FIRST SALUTE!"

VANITY AMONG THE PROPHETS.

Look here! Oh Instinct! Instinct! Hooray!!

"It thus appears that "Old ABE" is a conservative republican—that he contemplates no war upon the constitutional rights of slavery in the slave States—that his platform is the Chicago platform in good faith, and that his general policy upon slavery will be to conciliate the South into submission instead of exasperating her people into open rebellion. His Cabinet too, will be made up of Northern and Southern men, and it is probable that Mr. SEWARD, instead of going into the State Department, will prefer the mission to England, in order like Mr. BUCHANAN to be out of harm's way till the next campaign. Mr. LINCOLN's Southern ministerial advisers will be selected from such conservative men as HENRY WINTER DAVIS, of Maryland: JOHN MINOR BOTTS, of Virginia, and JOHN A. GILMER of North Carolina.
New-York Herald, OCT. 20.

That's all! Friend BENNETT thee *does* like the new coat, after all. Off with thee rags!

JAMIE—what *Would* you do without our guiding lantern?

Watts on the Administration?

"How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour."

Now this is all very fine in poetry, and so far as that goes, the poet, Mr. WATT's his name, was perhaps right; but when you come to apply it to politics, it seems to be "just the contrary, quite the reverse;" for instance, behold the political busy B's and see what they have done thus far:

The BUCHANAN Bee. The King Bee.
The BRECKENRIDGE Bee. The Heir Presumptive Bee.
The BENNETT Bee. The N. Y. *Herald* Bee.
The BIGLER Bee. The Pennsylvania Senator Bee.
The BLACK Bee. The Attorney General Bee.
The BRIGHT Bee. The Indiana Senator Bee.
The BOWMAN Bee. The Washington Constitution Bee.
The BAKER Bee. The Philadelphia Collector of Port Bee.
The BROWNE Bee. The Philadelphia Post-Master Bee.

It is a bitter reflection for the great Democratic party that it is all owing to these Bumble-Bees they have been so "well-waxed."

Remarkable Case of Mistaken Identity.

It is said to be one of the leading characteristics of genius to identify itself with the objects of its contemplation. Thus SHAKSPEARE is able to make HAMLET or MACBETH real, because he becomes for the nonce, HAMLET or MACBETH. A singular instance of this tendency or faculty, whichever you choose to call it, has just come under our notice. Mr. EVERETT has so steeped himself in the life and character of WASHINGTON, as to become at last unable to distinguish between the father of our country and her most illustrious son. In consequence of this obfuscation, he has illustrated his "Life of WASHINGTON" with a portrait of E. EVERETT.

Perhaps, after all, we are mistaken in our theory of the cause of this phenomenon. It may be that Mr. EVERETT has so polished away the characteristic features of the great man that no tolerable likeness of him remains. Whatever the cause of the substitution, it is a proof of Mr. EVERETT's pluck that he is thus willing to face his own work, and V. F. is charitably willing to suppose that the portrait is meant only as an honest hint to the reader, that the character he will find drawn in the book itself, is vastly more like E. E. than G. W.

"Proud and Ambitious Tribune!"

Not content with treading the path to fame, The *Tribune*, determined to be the Admirable Crichton of the Metropolis, has obtained from HORACE another Ode on DOUGLAS; (it is evident they owed him for it) which concludes thus:

"There's no use
In doing anything about that hoss,
His eyes is sot."

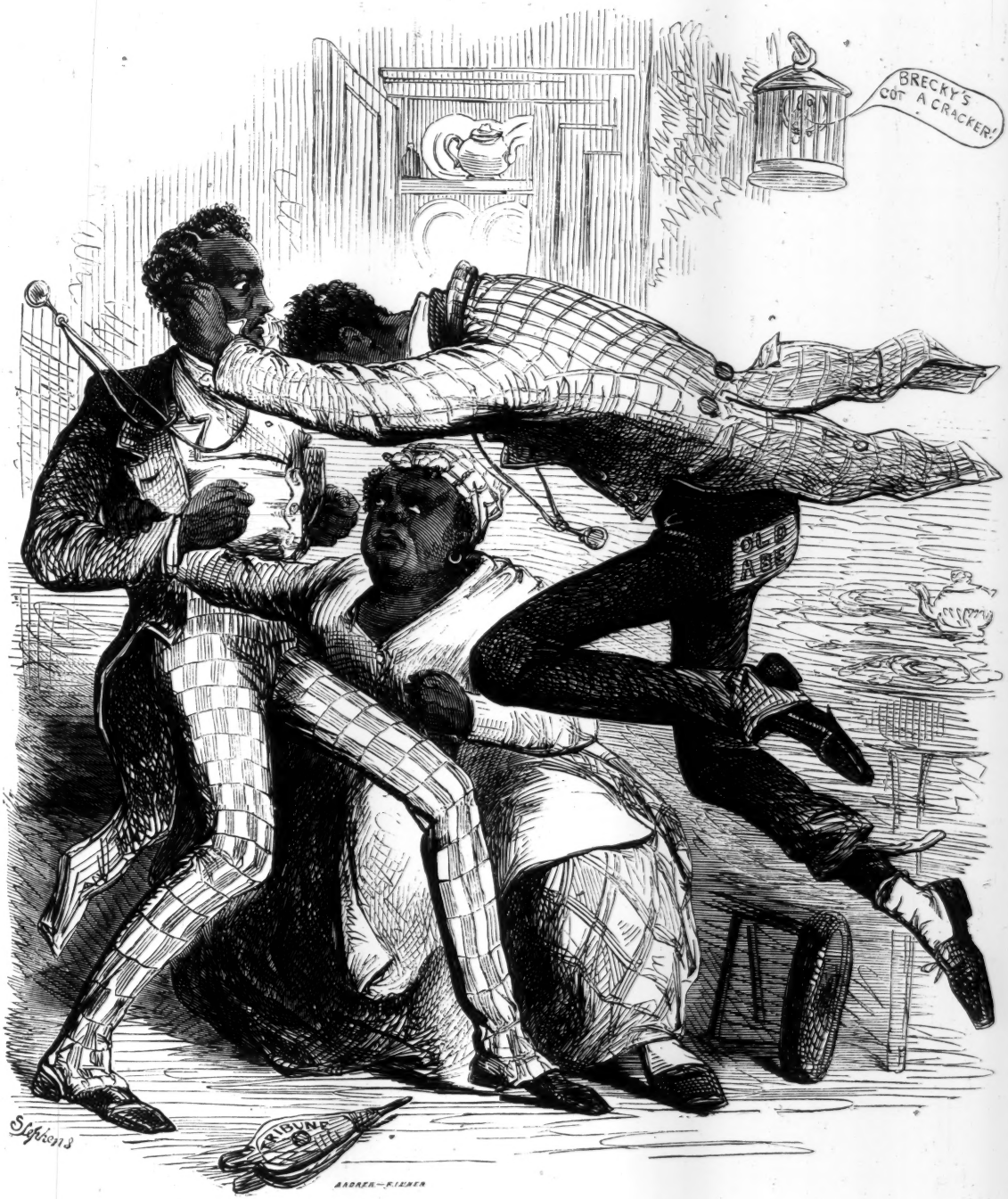
That's the kind of poetry which "never dize."

Color of the Sheep that was Dyed in the Wool.

Ultra-merin-O!

Probable result of extending negro-suffrage.

A Barber's Poll-Tax.



"SICH A GITTIN UP STAIRS."

"Miss Douglas beller out. Den she jump between us
But I guess she no forgit de day wen Abra'm show his genus!
Sich a gittin up stars I neber did see.
Sich a gttin up stars I neber did see!"

DIABLERIE vs. PHILOSOPHERS.

UR friend the *Tribune* in writing of the late Ball, says that:

"This ball must be classed among the great philosophers of the age."

The India rubber of our imagination is not sufficiently vulcanised to allow of its being safely extended the length of looking at a ball subdued into a philosopher; while we are further confounded at the necessity of considering that philosopher a member of the modern schools. Had the fluid writer refrained from restricting his philosopher to "the age," we might have referred the latter man to the peripatetic school, in regard of waltzing and being around generally.

As it is we must abjure the notion of a ball being converted into a philosopher—at least until we have touched up our metaphysics a little, with some of the *Tribune's* pumice. We are willing to concede a point, however, and shall offer no objections to the classification of the "Prince's Ball" as a great Neck Romancer, in consideration of the number of heads turned by it.

Our Instinct still at the Top of the Heap.

Long ago did VANITY FAIR lift up his voice in favor of the cleanly, comfortable cab, and cry out for the abolition of the dreadful omnibus. VANITY FAIR'S Instinct (which *has* become famous) told him that The Time would come. And The Time has come. Right straight along. In the *Herald's* London correspondence, under date of September 29th, is this blissful intelligence:

"GEORGE F. TRAIN is about to introduce into America two British institutions—*i. e.*, the Hansom cab and Punch and Judy. He has ordered six cabs, which are respectively named The Astor, St. Nicholas, Fifth Avenue, Metropolitan, New York and Everett, and it is to be hoped that these hotels will give him a helping hand in his efforts to benefit the public, and to get the people accustomed to this new style of locomotion."

At this realization of his fondest hopes, at this 973rd endorsement of the infallibility of his Instinct, VANITY FAIR went out and yielding to the exuberance of his joy, gave way to a wild generosity, or, as a German friend of his expresses it, "threw himself into violent expenses." And all in order to fit up the VANITY FAIR Office in such sumptuous style as would accord with the Grand Reception that he intends to give therein to the go-ahead TRAIN when he comes back here to put his plans in operation. No luxury that the most oriental imagination can suggest will be omitted on that occasion. When the reader learns that a new stool and two postage stamps will be included among the decorations, he may form some idea of the splendor of the whole. Expense has been distinctly darned. For nothing is too good for TRAIN now. So come along GEORGE FRANCIS; the sooner the better.

The Black Knight.

It was an old complaint in England; since it was first made by the Carrier in Henry IV, that the people would "allow him nèer a jorden"—meaning pitcher You Know. It would seem, however, by the following paragraph that at last a JORDEN has really been allowed to England's noble peers:

"The Queen of England has conferred the Honor of Knighthood upon EDWARD JORDON of Kingston Jamaica, a colored man who kept a sweetmeat and pickle store in that town."

Brother *Punch*, your earnest attention is directed to this matter: Perhaps you will not find this JORDAN "a hard road to travel." Do the nobility of England believe in a pie-bald aristocracy that they thus admitted a "cullud pusson?" Preserve us from such a pickle even from the hands of Sir EDWARD JORDON. A Knight? No Sir!

Pope's advice to the New Yorkers.

Not to add-mire 's the only art I know
To make the streets clean, and to keep them so.

Adornment.

"Beauty unadorned adorned the most."

A fiddle-stick for the old saw! it's all nonsense. Just put a snub-nosed, cross-eyed, wry-lipped girl in a plain white dimity—saints and angels defend us! It won't do to publish such notions; we shall be a nation of frights. There's Miss Angelica Makeover. The men like her and pretty women wonder why. Examine her feature by feature. Her hair is coarse but by miracles of art and patience she has trained it into waves of beauty. Her eyes are blue and by no means handsome, but she has learned how to use them. Neck and figure are lean—she knows better than to imitate those spare anatomies who make it a point (and there are points enough already made, patience knows) to wear their dresses *decolletèe*. Her figure in a plain, unadorned dress would be suggestive of a bean-pole, but she has brought art and culture to her aid and passes for a fine woman.

Let me tell you the human mind will strive to please—to attract—the feminine human particularly. Who's to blame? Surely not that power that has implanted a desire to be loved, to be graceful and agreeable in the hearts of men and women. So girls, look your best. Keep your hearts as pure as a piece of white paper on which is written only a sweet story or a lofty poem. Just imagine there's an angel over your right shoulder looking down into your heart—(that will fix that piece of machinery, or ought to) and then look your very sublimest. And here let me tack on a bit of a moral. If you are good and true, you can't help having a certain sort of beauty that attracts like a load-stone. And what is better, it attracts sensible things—while mere prettiness gets tied to a popinjay in nine cases out of ten.

Æsop Nowhere.

In these prosaic times, when the demand for ÆSOP'S bitter ambilogues is as nothing compared with that for ALLSOP'S bitter ale, it is refreshing to meet with a good fable. We have met with one, and are refreshed. An exchange paper affirms of a man in Williamstown, Massachusetts, that he is producing bull-frogs for the market—stall-feeding the hideous batrachians, in fact, and that he has already improved some of them up to the weight of forty pounds. Now this "fact," however exhilarating to us, is bad for ÆSOP, whose fable of a frog collapsing his flues in an attempt to obtain bovine proportions, is no longer to be depended upon. You lived too soon, ÆSOP—dry up, old man. Your fables are but small chaff compared with those to be found in "exchange papers."

Not altogether a Gibbering Idiot.

A daily paper the other morning, had the following head-lines to a report:—

ESCAPE OF A MANIAC.

HE MARRIES A RICH WIDOW.

We don't know how it strikes our connubial readers, but that second line seems to us very like a *non sequitur*. The man who succeeds in inducing a rich widow with lots of "tin" to "light the torch of Hymen" (that's from BRYANT) with him, can't be such a demnition maniac, you know, as the daily in question would have us believe.

Hair splitting vs. Rail splitting.

In a personal description given by a western editor, we have the following statement with regard to ABRAHAM LINCOLN:

"His hair is black, without any touch of gray, and worn in a lawyer-like, careless way."

The poetry of this is but ill-concealed by the typographical arrangement, which may slightly smother, but does not kill it; while the expression "lawyer-like," applied to hair, suggests an arrangement of that fibrous appendage in such a fashion as to have it handy for splitting—a process at which lawyers are generally considered to be expert.

Sad.

Our Prose Contributor has been falling in love with a six foot beauty—a real Venus of Milo (a splendid creature between you and us)—and finds it hard work to make the poetry come. But he has originalled the following:

"I cocked my hat athwart my head,
I leaned my cane against the wall;
'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved a Tall."

THE LAY OF A LOVER.

ONCE was the happiest
fellow,
all the young
men about town;
He the entrée to
every gay party,
he chief of the
legions of Brown!
The girls were in love
with my dancing;
they voted not very
long since,
The ne'er saw my like
the Lancers,
but then they had
not seen the
Prince!

I got myself up at my
mirror,
regardless of money
and time;
My dress—yellow
kids—curled mous-
achios—
and a choker whose
tie was sublime!
I never once

thought of resisting—
Who could, but a little month sin
Not you, CLEMENTINA MC FADEN,
For then you had not seen the Prin

He came with his lords and his lacke
From the arms of J. B. and Miss L
Surrounded with soldiers, and darkne
(It was rather too dark to see plain
But CLEM, who was crazy to see him,
Made my nature, too sensitive, win
By sighing to me, as he passed us,
"O ain't he a love of a Prince!"

She went to the Ball with her father,
The envy of Lexington Place,
All a-blaze with the family diamonds,
An angel in tulle and in lace!
The Prince was amazed when he met
(His thoughts run on nothing else s
Of course she was chosen his partner—
Too happy to dance with the Prince

She danced with the Prince, and the h
Ah me! was too much for her brain
She's unfitted now for her station,
And ne'er can be happy again!
She raves in her dreams of His Highne
And throws out the strangest of hint
Of shining some day as a Princess—
Because she has danced with the Prin

All's over with me, wretched fellow!
I am bowed down with sorrow and sh
For she cuts me, her faithful AUGUSTUS,
And turns up her nose at my name!
Ah, CLEMMY, my poor heart is broken,
And, no longer the matter to mince,
I shall take (in a horn) to hard-drinking,
Unless you will give up the Prince!

Sentiment; by an Epicure.

May the "crabbed age" that we must all of us come to, my friends, be a soft-shell crab-bed age!

Aphorism.

A man may be tight, but cannot be water-tight. A boot may be both.

The Administration Grave.

Dug.

ANOTHER SHOT ROUND THE CORNER.

It glooms and unpleases us very much, oh *World*, to be compelled to give you another cracker—without cheese. When we do so, our sufferings is intolerable. VANITY does not like, oh *World*, (as you and yours do) the idea of being a Savage. Or a Bitter Pill. Or a Curse. Or Gall or Wormwood. Or a Sting. Or Scorpion, or Thorn or Bramble or Brier or Horn or Wasp—or any other sharp pointed object in the sides of its fellow boarders in the great hotel of life.

But really, *World*, flesh and blood can't stand the temptations you throw in our way. We don't pretend to resist Temptation, anyhow when it rises above 25°, and you give it to us every morning boiled up to 125°, with sugar. *Qui resistere non potest non peccat.* There *is* a point, oh *World*, where, sin or no sin, it becomes foolish, and consequently wicked to resist any longer. Then we roll right over and give up. Who would'nt give it up when he reads in your columns that, as Baron RENFREW went past the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, its inmates cheered him! Why the amount of hats you've earned by *that* speech would tile all Holland. Perhaps you believe that in the Sacred Presence of Royalty, the dumb "holler rite eout." *You* hollered on that occasion, anyhow, and about once too often. Rather.

And who, oh *World*, could resist giving you a hat, when in speaking of the Turk, you say that, "like the savage, whose canoe was caught in the Rapids of Niagara, he unstraps himself up, lights his pipe, and nears the fatal plunge." *World, World*, you've falsified History with a rush, Yes, with a perfect screech! For, as is well-known, the savage in question never lighted no pipe. He *couldn't* have done it, you know, if he had been all wrapped up in a blanket first. He don't smoke, *World*. We do, and we know it couldn't be did. Our enormous Instinct tells us you are up a tree this time. Don't you wish you were down? But this is neither here nor there. Hold on—we hav'nt shot yet! What we wished to say was that the Original Savage and real Primitive Abregoyne of that story *did* do. Who-y—he took a great, strong, hard, old double-headed slug of a drink of tommy whack whiskey—emptied his bottle—just as any of you Worldlings would do under similar circumstances—and went tilt and nose downward into the Tremendous.

But it would'nt do to say anything about drinking whiskey, you know. Oh my, no! It's naughty to drink 'hiskey. Good 'ittle Injuns don't drink 'hiskey. But they *do* smoke great long pipes. *Worldy* has seen pretty pickets in the geography, of Injuns smoking their 'ittie pipey wipeys! So good *Worldy* says that the Abregoynal in question took the slide in manner and form aforesaid.

Then there's your last spurt to the effect that the poor people down town *only* want a few more churches to be 'appy on Sunday, and can't be 'appy without 'em. How you *do* come crocodile over their passing the Sabbath in "a sort of hebdominal trance or coma!" Well and good for the churches. All right. But the "hebdominal" or abdominal, or whatever you call it, coma, of the poor folks, wants something else to touch it up besides preaching. It wants baths, ventilated lodging houses, open air and Sunday visits to the country with the children. That's so.

World, you're a hebdominal old coma yourself. Two of you 'd comatice the whole Island. In fact our Instinct tells that you go round benumbing folks, and then holler for preaching to wake 'em. Stop there. Now take your hat and go!

The Rag definitely removed from the Bush.

The *Tribune* improves. Not many weeks ago we copied from its columns a paragraph setting forth the somewhat peculiar habit that certain men and boys had of driving down to Red Hook Point, South Brooklyn, *naked*, in carriages, and of *then* stripping themselves "in plain sight and within fifty yards of dwelling houses." The *Tribune* can do better than that now. Witness the caption to a "City Item" in its issue of October 13th:—

"SUICIDE AND NEGLECT OF A DEAD BODY."

The *Tribune*, we think, has gone its length now. When it has arrived at that position from which it can state solemnly that dead bodies have taken to killing themselves, it has no more worlds to conquer.

A Shot from our Air-Gun.

The infantile condition of the art of ballooning is powerfully suggested by the names of some of its chief professors. How singular it is, for example, that the most experienced of modern aeronauts should yet be GREEN—the most aspiring, LOWE!

The President's March.

March Fourth!

PRETTY FAR GONE.

Lover.—BLAME YOU! WHAT ARE YOU LAUGHING AT! NOTHING TO LAUGH AT. WHAT ARE YOU HERE FOR!

Boy.—SISTER SENT ME TO TELL YOU TO BE VERY CAREFUL, AND NOT RIDE ON POP'S FLOWER BEDS. WON'T YOU CATCH IT THOUGH!

MUTTON BATHS.

"NO MORE THIN PEOPLE." Read the following from a journal:

"Soaking the body in broth, made by boiling mutton bones, with a slight addition of calcined potash, is said to be so nourishing, that patients bathing daily, and taking only a few spoon fulls of tea and a table-spoonful of tonic syrup, have gained fifteen pounds in as many weeks by absorption."

No doubt even BRILLAT SAVARIN would advise an external application of mutton broth, for it is wretched stuff *internally*, and certainly never would make a Broth of a Boy. The idea is not a new one for we read that Medea by first boiling up an old ram until it turned into a lamb, persuaded the daughters of PELIAS to parboil their father in a kettle, in order to rejuvenate him—evidently the origin of Mutton Baths. And then the Egyptians who fatten girls by boiling them in chicken soup. And the Broth Baths of Weisbaden.

The above remarks will serve as an introduction to the followiug letter from an esteemed correspondent—in fact self esteemed—

MADISON SQUARE, OCTOBER 25 1890.

If there is anything in this world more intolerable than being fat it is being thin. The thoughtful MACBETH was a Thin-King body, while thoughtless FALSTAFF showed in his walk how Fatigued he was with his too solid flesh. Mental exertion has told upon my delicately organized system very severely since I commenced my late work (for it is now finished) on the Æsthetics of Ten-Pins; and I found myself reduced to one of two alternatives, hiring out to BARNUM as a Living Skeleton, or taking Mutton Baths. I chose the latter. The first day I trusted to my Irish cook to prepare a bath-tub full of broth—and she did. I plunged in—believe me she made a tub full of Lamb Soup—turnips, rice, onions, potatoes, white sugar and lashings of red-pepper! I think I see that bath now—or rather I don't see it, for my eyes still ache with that infannyfernal red pepper.

Nothing discouraged, the next day I bought mutton—and superintended the broth in person. Plunged in but soon found that fat Southdown was not The Thing. In less than five minutes it hardened into tallow, and there I was like a wick in a penny candle—only saved by the presence of mind of my valet Alphonse who bent down the gas-pipe, lit the burner and fairly melted me out of my mutton tallow prison.

The third day I discarded Southdown, being like BEECHER, Down on the South, and adopted plain mutton bones, the consequence was the cook made a bath-tub full of glue, and when I jumped in it was "always ready and up to the sticking point"—and I—stuck. Again Alphonse extracted me, cruelly using me to mend a broken chair-leg as he put me in order.

The fourth day my faith in Mutton Baths wavered, but determined to give them a last trial I superintended carefully the preparation of the broth—unfortunately the calcined potash predominated and though I was early warned of its strength, I am writing this in a state of flesh closely allied to goose-flesh—and not much of it at that; barely escaped the fate of some of the early martyrs—that of being flayed alive.

I have lost all faith in Mutton Baths; having determined instead to follow the old adage, Laugh and Grow Fat—and make others laugh—I begin by sending you a hundred dollar check towards the dissemination of VANITY FAIR among the Poor and Industrious Humorous Classes, believing it will do them good; any balance left over may be applied towards sending a copy to "J. B."

Yours Respectfully,

LE ROI D'YVETOT.

Poor Kentucky.

CASSIUS M. CLAY, (says an Exchange Paper) who has been hard at work stumping for "Old ABE" throughout the West, for the past three months, proposes going home to Kentucky and performing the same righteous work among the slaveholders.

"Imperious CÆSAR, dead and turned to CLAY,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:"
Strange if the earth, which kept the world in awe
Should serve to stop some fierce opponent's jaw.

A SIGNAL TRIUMPH.

E do not profess to be very expert in nautical matters, and yet there is a certain fascination about them that always makes us anxious to know more. That the holystoning of the deck and the combing of the hatchway are essential to the trim of a vessel, we are perfectly aware, though whether the latter process is performed with a common finetooth or a curry-comb, we would not positively affirm. We have spliced the main-brace more than once, and found the operation very bracing. A pull at the halliards reminded us, once, of the flavor of Old Bourbon—which it was: and our first reading of that noble thalassic "The Sea! The Sea!", was on the summit of an exceedingly high mountain, with nothing inside the range of our powerful pocket-Dolland except exceedingly high mountains. The circumstances, combined, have given somewhat of a marine twist to our mind, though, as we have said before, we do not pretend to great smartness in such matters. Therefore, it was with feelings bordering upon fear that we found ourselves trembling upon the brim of the cup of nautical science, while we read in the columns of a daily paper an instance of the perfection to which the system of conversing by flags has been brought, as illustrated by an experiment with ROGER'S International Code of Signals.

'Twas past meridien half-past twelve or one, of the eleventh of October, 1860, as the steam-cutter, "Harriet Lane," was smoking it up the bay, freighted with Lord RENFREW, that the renowned yacht "Maria" of Hoboken, gave chase, and, upon overhauling the cutter, with three sheets in the wind, initiated a conversation with the royal party—which, by the way, is contrary to etiquette—by sending up a ROGER'S International with the observation, "*You are very Welcome!*" This observation was numbered 30,951. But the "Harriet" was not to be outdone by the "Maria"—at least in figures—for up she went in a jiffy with ROGER'S International No. 30,961, responsive with the cheering assurance, "*Very well I thank you.*" Now this, for the "Harriet," was a signal triumph.

It takes ROGER'S International to do this sort of thing, you see. It was by the skillful handling of that famous Code that the celebrated solution, "How are you off for soap!" was obtained to the query, "How much water is there on that shoal?" Previous to the introduction of that Code, vacillating the queries, how vague the replies! For instance, the writer of these remarks once hailed a barge in the Gulf of Mexico with the question, "Have you a washerwoman on board?" to which he promptly received the ambignous, if not insulting reply—"Does your mother know you're out?"

Nevertheless, the latter mode of communication is preferred by some mariners, on the ground that the conversation never Flags.

A Stave for a Cooper.

Self-distinction did he drive at—
All unheeding polished hints,
He tried to keep the *Prince* quite *private*
And got in all the *public prints*.

Classical Hospitality.

"Bring your trunks with you," as Orpheus said to the trees when he invited a lot of them to a dance at his country.

THE CHRONICLES OF MANNAHATTA.

1. Now, in the reign of James the King, in the eighth month of the fourth year of his reign, the country was visited by a Prince of the land beyond the sea, even of England.

2. And it came to pass as he journeyed, that he came to a place called Gotham.

3. And FERNANDO and General CHARLES SANDFORD gathered together the chief council-men, the valiant men of might, and the elders of the city, and with chariots and with horsemen did go forth to meet him.

4. And behold, the Gothamites, with their wives and their children both great and small, had come forth to meet the Prince and to do him honor.

5. Now CHARLES, whose surname was SANDFORD, was a vain and fond man—particularly fond of playing at soldier.

6. And he was from the rising of the sun, even unto the going down of the same in escorting the Prince from the Battery to the Fifth Avenue Tavern.

7. And lo! the people murmured.

8. Saying we are hungry and faint, having abode, abide or abidden in the street all the day, and lo, when he came it was dark and we saw him not.

9. And the elders and wise men spoke and said, "CHARLES would not take the hint of the gold-mounted harness—what shall be done to make this man resign?

"Not but that FERNANDO, the Chief Ruler, is as much to blame, and a great deal more so.

Part Second.

1. And it was so, that they made the Prince a great feast, and there came fair women, and danced before him; and verily many were ready for a smile from him, to offer themselves as a sacrifice before him.

2. And the chief among the people kept this thing unto themselves and suffered none of the baser sort to come in, lest the Prince should be shocked.

3. But lo—it came to pass that these people, the Chosen Ones of the tribe of the Elite, of which there were sealed Ten Thousand.

4. Crowded and rushed against the Guest, like unto wild bulls, or intoxicated Peorians, or delirious Dead Rabbits.

5. Saying "Hullo!—here he is—I want to see him—I will see him."

6. And some rushed up to him proffering their wives and daughters:

7. Saying "she is fairer than the others—your Highness has really no idea how pretty she is."

8. Crowding together so furiously around him that the floor caved in and divers fell through.

9. And there was a grand smash and a wild uproar—a letting up of muslin and a promiscuous scatteration generally speaking.

10. Then the Prince began to be sore amazed, and he said to the wise men that were with him, "Behold and see this people, if there be any like them under the sun?

11. "For I have heard from my childhood, how that they, being republicans, would not have a king to rule over them, neither would honor Royalty."

12. Then answered the wise men, "not, O Prince, because of thine own worth, nor of thy mother's, nor of the might of thy ancestors, do this people honor thee:

13. "But for that they having sold themselves to the rulers of the whole earth, even Money, and to Fashion his Queen are ready to serve, ay, even to lick the dust before them whom that great King and Queen delight to honor."

14. Then the Prince departed, and great quietness, even dullness fell upon the *World* of Gotham.

15. As there had been in the beginning, in the first number, and as there is likely to be even unto the end thereof.

Bliss, Indeed!

It was with feelings of ineffable felicity that we perused the following satisfactory announcement, which, next to the address delivered to the Prince of Wales, by the Chancellor of the New York University, may be looked upon as about the happiest thing of the season.

"NOTICE TO BARBERS.—French china mugs decorated to order, cheaper and better than anywhere else. Old mugs restored equal to new. Orders promptly executed."

As we are of Anglo-Saxon origin, we did not care so much about the French-China mugs alluded to in the above; but as we read on, and were informed that old mugs in general can be restored equal to new, a sentiment of sweet assurance took possession of us, while we inwardly resolved to devote our first leisure day to the advertiser for the purpose of having ourselves reformed into a "nice young man."

NEW PUBLICATIONS,

Received at the Office of Vanity Fair,

For the week ending Saturday, Oct 27, 1860.

T. B. PETERSON & BROS. PHILA.

THE RUINED GAMESTER: By G. W. M. Reynolds. Complete in one Vol., paper. 50c.

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RUDD & CARLETON, NEW YORK.

THE MORAL HISTORY OF WOMEN: From the French of Ernest Legouve. Translated from the Fifth Paris Edition, by J. W. Palmer, M.D. pp. 343.

THE PRINCE'S BALL: A Humorous and Satirical Poem, by E. C. Stedman, author of "The Diamond Wedding," with the Illustrations as published in VANITY FAIR. 1 vol. 12mo. tinted paper. Price 50c.

BOOKS IN PRESS.

D. APPLETON & CO., NEW-YORK.

EDUCATION: Intellectual, Moral, and Physical. By Herbert Spencer, author of Social Statistics. The Principles of Psychology: and Essays: Scientific, Political, and Speculative. [In a few days.]

THE ANNUAL ENCYCLOPÆDIA of the World's Events for the Year 1860. To be published in 1 vol., 8vo., making 1,800 columns of Text.

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This will be found to be one of the most brilliant Polkas which has appeared for a long time. It will be published full in THE HOUSEHOLD JOURNAL, No 5. Ready on Thursday next. Copies mailed free on receipt of stamps, by A. HARTHILL & Co., No. 20 North William street, New York. Price Three Cents per copy.

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"There is a good deal in a name, and this name is, to our mind, better than *Punch*. The illustrations in VANITY FAIR have been the best ever produced in a comic paper in this country. They are beautifully drawn, carefully engraved, and not so entirely spoiled in the printing as, in many illustrated papers, woodcuts are spoiled on the press. If this paper shall continue, as it has begun, to take a high meral tone, to keep its pages scrupulously free from the too common wit whose only point is its vulgarity, to attack fearlessly and conscientiously the follies of the times, there will be a fair chance of its pushing its way to success and fame."—*The Independent* (N. Y.)

"The object of VANITY FAIR is a good one, and the parties engaged in it, so far as we are informed, are admirably qualified for their work."—*N. Y. Saturday Press.*

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"Especially creditable, both in matter and appearance."—*N. Y. Sunday Times.*

"Its illustrations are superior to any that have heretofore appeared. . . . . The literary portion of the number is varied and entertaining."—*Boston Courier.*

"VANITY FAIR promises life and usefulness."—*N. Y. Leader.*

"VANITY FAIR bids fair to become one of the 'peculiar institutions' of the day."—*N. Y. Sunday Mercury.*

"That would certainly be a very mild criminal code which should prescribe nothing worse to take than VANITY FAIR. We wouldn't mind being shut up ourselves, for a time, in such companionship."—*National Anti-Slavery Standard.*

"It greatly excels any similar American publication, and is quite equal to *Charivari* or *Punch*."—*American Republic* (Macon, Ga.)

"Pungent and humorous, and shows much ability in its editorial management."—*Louisville Journal.*

"The whole affair is exceedingly clever."—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

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"VANITY FAIR is the most piquant of hebdomadals. We could wish that it might sweep out of existence every other comic periodical we have."—*Buffalo Daily Courier.*

"Far in advance of any similar publications which have heretofore appeared in this country."—*New Hampshire Gazette.*

"The original articles possess much greater merit than we usually find in journals of this class."—*Portland Transcript.*

"It bids fair to be very popular, and gives evidence of a high order of literary and artistic talent."—*Hunterdon* (N. J.) *Republican.*

"Though scarcely two months old, 'It stalks the earth and awes the world around.' Its Illustrations tinge even the cheeks of *Punch*. Its onslaught on vice and folly makes it a terror to knaves and fools."—Justice Whitley's *Circuit Judge.*

"We heartily welcome VANITY FAIR to our literary repast, and shall look greedily for each weekly number."—*Architects' and Mechanics' Journal.*

"Capital and full of fun."—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

"Comes nearer the object than any of its predecessors."—*Newark Daily Advertiser.*

"One of the cleverest and brightest papers of the kind. . . . . The wittiest writers and artists of New-York contribute to it."—*Providence Journal.*

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